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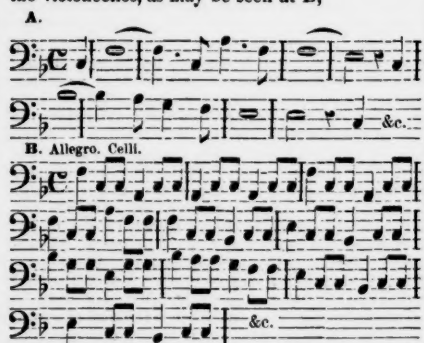
Hector Berlioz.

From *Fliegende Blätter für Musik*.

(Continued from page 33).

It is with him, in this respect, as with Beethoven, who was at one time censured for the same thing, until Hoffmann opened the eyes of the reviewers. For example:

In the second part of the Allegro of the *Francs Juges* overture, we find the following passage for the violoncellos, as may be seen at B,



It might be that at a casual glance, or in the first hearing, this would appear like a new idea; but transpose now the melody from A flat major, which stands above, to F major, and note the same decline of tone, which is shown by the principal accent, and which, on account of its clearness, I have placed above at A—and it will be seen that the violoncellos bring in nothing but was there before; excepting that the melody was given to other instruments, transposed to a different key, and otherwise accompanied and varied. These means can all, at once, be applied, and are to be found in the works of all good masters. The rule of construction which underlies this, is one long known, although Berlioz's model is entirely his own, not formed of the materials of others, but stamped with his own individuality throughout.

Further, one will find often in his works bold and startling modulations. Once upon a time, the uninterrupted progression of two parts in fourths and fifths gave the greatest delight to the listeners; but the modern ear would be in despair. When the first septachord was hazarded, they thought the inventor only fit for the madhouse. And thus it is to-day. Having no musical discipline, the present age is not so charitable to *harmony* as to the *theory* of harmony, which crawls after music at a snail's pace, and still remains far behind! Already the new, free thinking doctrines of harmony deride every symphony of Haydn!

The first steps of all ingenious composers are transgressions, apparently, of harmonic laws; they are plausible, but seldom correct. "Theory forbids that," said a critic once to Beethoven. "And I allow it," returned he.

I will not here point out the passages which might be charged upon Berlioz, as containing crude harmonies; but it is certain, that his bold-

ness in this respect goes no farther, relatively, than other masters have gone in earlier times. He has not overstepped the boundaries of art, but he has certainly discovered and pointed out new paths, wherein dwell marvellous effects of harmony, and of which our childish harmonists know nothing.

Of all reproaches which they make to Berlioz, done is to me more incomprehensible than that "he lacks expression" (feeling); that his heart is cold, and that he constructs his musical fabrics only by the aid of his reason. Berlioz wishes to portray the affections, feelings, and passions, which arise in men in certain situations, and because this exceeds the capability of purely instrumental music, he adds thereto a sufficiently clear verbal explanation.

Æsthetic writers maintain that "Programme-music" is a violation of the privileges of instrumental music—but of late, most composers have written programme-music. Which are we to believe the former or the latter? A negative dissertation on programme-music; or the emotion and pleasure which we feel in hearing the "Pastoral Symphony", the "Midsummer Night's Dream", and many similar works?

"It is absurd" one often hears, "to try to represent outward phenomena by musical sounds".—"Calmness" is an outward appearance; and, "A happy voyage" is an outward event. The former Mendelssohn has manifestly portrayed. But must one declare to any reasonable person, that this was not the chief object of Mendelssohn, but that he wished to represent the emotions which arise in men in certain situations and aspects?

And Berlioz wishes nothing more than also Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and many others desired. Therefore, his design is not unartistic, at least to those on whom "programme-music," (in the above meaning) depends for its estimation. Every important artist has to create his own model, to express and portray his inclinations for special objects in his own way; these means are, and must be manifold in every art; they cannot fail of possessing in themselves, according to their nature, a power of attraction in larger or smaller circles of mankind. Schiller has a larger audience than Goethe. Kotzebue had, perhaps, in his time, a still larger one. The higher the style of art, the smaller will be the number in proportion of those who unite together musical ideas and a perfect form. It is truly said, like can be fully understood by like alone.

Berlioz inclines to select as subjects of his pen, the tragic heights and depths of human circumstances and passions. But he does not disdain the comic, the droll element, which he has in him the capability of expressing. At the same time, he endeavors to urge powerful emotions to the extreme; thus he may well be named the Shakespeare of music.*

I should not wish that Berlioz became the only model of imitation, any more than I would have Wagner's operas "of the future" furnish the only

* If endeavoring would only make a Shakespeare!—Ed.

kind of opera; but in the manifold series of musical splendors I would receive these like all other genuine works of art, and leave them not to the future. I confide a work of art to no future, if it does not interest in the *present*, since men do not change so completely as that a whole subsequent generation can enjoy what a former one had actually with ill-humor, repulsed. And where can be found, in the whole history of music, a single example of a composer, who influenced, not his own time, but a future one? Mozart is cited as an example! But what do we understand by the "future"? Mozart died in his thirty-sixth year, already acknowledged by the greater part of the nation. Beethoven? I think he may be satisfied with the homage which he received from the greatest of his own time.—Possibly, J. S. Bach? He is even now the first in the present age, and has been known as a great genius during the last hundred years. He has given more pleasure to the ear and mind of our own time, than actually to his own contemporaries; yet he will also be acknowledged the greatest organ-player, and composer, of his own age.

Is Wagner a composer of the Future? In his writings, in which he disappoints himself and others, he is; but not in his operas, which have already found an audience. And so the works of Berlioz belong to the present time, in which they are oftentimes well represented.

Thus, briefly, writes an Englishman, who heard Berlioz's operas and other compositions lately in Weimar: "The revival (of the opera) has made a *real sensation*, in which there has been *nothing factitious*, or managed. Let the critics be ever so critical on the school to which M. Berlioz belongs, every generous person must have found pleasure in witnessing the cordial manifestation of sympathy, that greeted the French composer in Goethe's town."

Thus the works of Berlioz please in the present time. He does not require the future, in order to become known; he needs, actually, only the *good will of the conductor and orchestra*. With an increased number of instruments, and greater skilfulness in the orchestra, the high claims of the composer will be established. What Mozart required to have performed, was found very difficult by the orchestras of his own time; fifty years before they would have declared his works impracticable. They are now merely child's play! And from Beethoven's ninth Symphony many orchestras recoil yet. Perhaps Berlioz's works make even greater pretensions, but certainly they are not impracticable. Weimar and Brunswick have proved this. But does any one believe that, until now, his compositions have ever been perfectly well performed anywhere? A composer must have conducted his own works, in order to know how far the effect of the first orchestral performance falls short of the complete effect, which he hears, in his own mind.

How was it for many years with the Symphonies of Beethoven? Having incurred censure by

unsatisfactory representation, his works were criticized with severity; and from this injustice Berlioz suffers to this day. Even now, some of them are called odd, because the effects therein are entirely original! Mozart was odd, Beethoven was odd, and so Berlioz is odd.

(To be continued.)

A Letter from Rome.

The London *Musical World* adopts the following for its "leader," having translated it from some humorous German writer in the *Niederheinische Musik-Zeitung*.

***** After what has preceded, you will naturally expect that a man who is great as a musician, not less important as an author, and unrivalled as a tourist, should send you at least an appendix to Mendelssohn's Letters from Rome. But no! I will not cast into the shade poor Mendelssohn, if merely out of a feeling of respect for my old master. I leave this task to others, say, for instance, Franz Liszt, whom I met yesterday in St. Peter's; but I could scarcely recognize in an old, bent-down man, leaning against a pillar, the lively, blond-haired, genial companion of former times.

Since, in the true poetic fashion, I have now plunged you in *medias res*, I may return to the chronological course of my travelling epic. After I had somewhat deadened, by a farewell *Soirée* of solid musical cheer, with due addition of creature-comforts, the grief experienced by my Viennese friends at parting with me, I hastened, at the beginning of March, towards that quarter of the South where Goethe's believing admirers expect to perceive, on all sides, only verdant groves and glowing golden orange-trees. I saw and experienced, however, in the month of March, on the Brenner, and even a considerable distance further, a great deal which could be designated neither glowing nor verdant. Innsbruck, Verona, and Milan were evidences of the difference between poetry and prose; it was not until I proceeded from Genoa along the Riviera di Levante that a clear-blue sky was to be seen; but I beheld Chiavari and La Spezia already completely decked out in the garb of Spring; while the fortress-walls of Varignano appeared to me less grey than they appeared probably to Garibaldi. I would fain have sent you, from some local admirers of yours, a stone from the walls, but I restrained myself, pursuing, also, though with far greater difficulty, the same system of abnegation, on seeing the fine blocks of marble from Carrara, so that my letter might not be unconscionably heavy.

From Massa, I went by rail to Florence, and so on, by land, past Viterbo to Rome; *summa summarum*: rolling along uninterruptedly for twenty days in horse-dragged or steam-snorting vehicles. I could not, therefore, suffer from sea sickness, unless it had been in the Scala at Milan, or the Pergola at Florence. In the Scala, I heard an opera which was meant to be Gounod's *Faust*, but, from the mode in which it was executed, might just as well have been called *Fra Diavolo* or *Il Trovatore*. At the Pergola, on the other hand, I was treated to Verdi's epileptic music, as represented by his horrible *Nabucodonosor*. In *Faust*, not less than the greatest portion of the third act—the Garden-scene; the Walpurgis-Night; the Festival-scene; and other trifles—was cut out, while the remainder was made up with additions and interpolations from other operas, arranged à l'usage de chacun, and newly scored in such a way, that, as a rule, whenever there was a burst, all the violins and wood-instruments, as well as, sometimes, the brass, like so many pots and pans, blurted forth in unison with the singer, and remained hanging as long as possible upon a high note, until, gradually the wind-instrumentalists lost their breath, and the bow fell from the hands of the fiddlers, nothing being left but a vermilion-colored tenor, who, blessed with better lungs than any one else, still squeaked out his high *a*, till even he, succumbing to the power of time, broke down in his turn. This was followed by endless jubilation among the audience, the more roaring and deafening the

more roaring and deficient in good taste the mode in which the singing athlete had taken advantage of his *a*. A German musician, however, feels broken-hearted on hearing these magnificent Italian larynxes so shamefully misapplied, and thrown away on such musical rot as most of Verdi's operas. At such performances, any one might fancy that all the persons before and around him were suffering from St. Vitus's dance.

During the journey from Florence to Rome I had time to recover from the musical impressions received in the chief city of Tuscany, and to look back with rather more satisfaction on the Palazzo Pitti than on the Pergola.

On Wednesday, in Passion Week, with restored vigor, therefore, I set about the Herculean task of listening, in the Sixtine Chapel, to the five-hour evening service—"Lamentationes," "Tenebre," "Miserere," &c. I must again inform you, as I have already done in the exordium to my epistle, that, humble individual as I am, I obtained, on this occasion, a place which Princes and Ambassadors might have envied; a comfortable seat under the singers' tribune; I was indebted for it to the great kindness of a papal official, to whom I had been recommended by an influential German ecclesiastic. If you should happen to recollect, in connection with this fact, the fable of the lion, the mouse and the net, I have no objection, for all the lions in Rome could not have obtained for me the place rendered accessible by an apparently little mouse, who smuggled me in close to the Cardinals, and thus enabled me to see everything very comfortably, while many other persons were carried fainting out of the throng.

In a seat, therefore, which I shall, probably, never be able to obtain again as long as I live, I was present at one of the most impressive of religious ceremonies; one which, in its general effect, was of a most elevating nature. So much in compliance with truth! If, however, you ask what were my feelings and impressions as a musician, I must, once more in compliance with truth, give vent to the disappointment I have brought back with me. The intonation of these world-wide celebrated singers of the Sixtine Chapel is positively false; they sing without taste, and, to my ear, at least, possess repulsive voices. If this chorus of men, or rather of castrati, would, instead of indulging in four octaves, be content to sing in two pure and full-toned octaves; would round off their cadences quietly and in a dignified manner, instead of finishing with flourishes and blundering shakes; and emit their voices not through the nose but the throat, the strangeness of many other details which characterize them would be bearable, for the style of some among them is peculiarly interesting, and never heard, or to be heard, elsewhere—especially that of one old soprano of sixty-five years of age! Unfortunately, however, their voices remind the hearer only too often of those of the harp-girls in the "Café-Concerts" of Paris. Even if I am excommunicated on account of my comparison, I cannot help it, and I must say, despite of all the fanatics in the Sixtine Chapel, that this style, which claims to be traditionally classical, strikes one as very unclassical, and could never be elevated into an indisputable dogma of our religion, either by the primitive fathers of the Gregorian chant, or by all the fathers of the Church put together. Any one who dared to make this assertion here in Rome would actually be stoned by every musician.

But now that I have given utterance to my especial musical discontent, I return to my previous opinion of the whole—to my assertion, that at this service, as in everything a person hears and sees in Rome, the general impression is grand and overpowering, and that nothing would ever cause me to wish that the hours I spent in the Sixtine Chapel were effaced from my memory. There, too, I heard, surrounded by the approaching night, as well as by the more palpable night with which the magic of Michael Angelo has adorned the walls, a "Miserere" by Allegri—or, in his style, by Baini (I could not learn with certainty the name of the composer)—which would have been very beautiful, if the way in

which it was performed had been equal to the talent with which it is written. As an excuse for the Sixtine singers, I must, by-the-by, mention that, in conformity with the Italian fashion, they are treated just like the hackney-coach horses; false intonation is intelligible in the case of individuals whose services are regularly called into requisition six or eight hours every day during Passion Week.

Singing Societies in Germany.*

Singing societies of all sorts of names, for the cultivation of all sorts of vocal music, consisting of all classes of society, but mostly for the working people—both exclusively of male voices and of mixed voices—are as numerous in Germany as are churches and Sunday-schools in America.

That a deep love for song is planted in the heart by a regular musical instruction in childhood, and favored by a mild, even climate, which makes the lungs and whole body strong, and withal, as their every-day labor is not of that exhaustive kind which renders man even unfit for pleasure—that all this should call into existence numerous singing societies, is just as natural as that the Puritan principles of Sabbath-keeping have given us our large number of churches and Sabbath-schools. Nor is the nursing of these institutions as different as it would seem at first. Wise Sunday-school superintendents take good care to have successful Christmas festivals, pic-nics, anniversaries, concerts, &c., and no pains or expense is spared to make their localities as attractive as possible. The singing societies in Germany, in like manner, while meeting mainly for the cultivation of song, always find occasion for some extras in the shape of serenades, concerts, excursions, &c. By the last steamer we received an annual report of one of the oldest societies in Germany, the Stuttgarter Liederkranz. Of its 1,091 members 38 are honorary members, every one of whom owes this honor to personal attainments either as a successful laborer for the cause as master singer, composer, or poet; and all of whom, with but few exceptions, live in the little kingdom of Wurtemberg. The active and passive paying members are from all classes of society; men of high literary attainments and reputation—government officers of all ranks, merchants, tradesmen, mechanics, and one or two gentlemen of noble birth.

The active members meet every Tuesday evening to practice in good earnest, as well as for social enjoyment; in which last, with German singers, next to song, lager-beer plays a prominent part; the luxury of smoking being excluded from the hours of exercise. The programme of the large entertainment of the Stuttgarter Liederkranz, during the last year, was the following:

- January 1. Celebration of New-year's day.
- " 12. Social meeting to pay homage to the celebrated Nuremberg feast-beer.
- " 29. Reunion (social meeting with singing).
- March 1. Grand Redoute (masquerade), said to have been a most splendid affair.
- " 30. Grand public rehearsal.
- April 12. Entertainment with brass band.
- " 26. Umland festival.
- May 11. Picnic.
- " 19. Public entertainment in connection with the Turners.
- " 28. Schiller festival.
- June 8 & 9. Song festival in Kirchheim.
- " 12. Serenade to the new City Mayor.
- " 29. Garden-concert to raise funds for Körner's statue.
- July 13. Inauguration of the standard of a neighboring singing society.
- " 27. Union-concert of all singers of Stuttgart and environs, to raise funds for Körner's statue.
- August 3. Excursion to the woods.
- " 24. Anniversary of the Society.
- Sept. 14. Excursion to a neighboring locality.
- October 3. Serenade to their newly married Musical Director.
- " 11. Annual autumnal feast, followed by a grand ball.
- Nov. 9. Public rehearsal.
- " 16. Trip to Tübingen to do honor to the departed Ludwig Umland.
- " 29. Performance of Mendelssohn's "Antigone."
- " 21. Meeting in honor of Ludwig Umland.

As a substantial proof of the success of this Society, we may add that it has commenced the building of a "Sängerhalle" (song-hall), 180 feet by 160, and three stories high, to cost 112,000 florins (\$45,000). Let us crush out the rebellion, and then see whether we cannot do something to compare with the Stuttgart singers (not drinkers).—*Zundel's Monthly Choir*.

Musical Blunders.

(From the Philadelphia Dial.)

The blunders of the New York musical critics are sometimes very amusing. The New York *Times*, speaking of the Vestvali English Opera, thus trips over Gluck's famous work—very dangerous music, which has been fatal to more than one critic and singer. "We are very glad to see," says the *Times*, "that the first attempt is to be made with Gluck's celebrated 'Orphée,' a lyric, comic opera with which all Europe, and especially all Paris, has been simply wild. The incidents, based on a burlesque rendering of the classic story of the luckless Orpheus hunting after his abducted wife, Eurydice, in the infernal realm of Pluto, are side-splitting if not heart-rending, and the music brilliant and fascinating beyond words." It will be news to most musical men, that Gluck's sublime music is comic, and that its side-splitting incidents are based on a burlesque. The great air of Orpheus, "I have lost my Eurydice," is considered one of the most touching and beautiful melodies in all music. After a while we may hear that the "Messiah" is a comic Oratorio, or read a complimentary notice of "Polly put the kettle on," praising that familiar melody for its sublimity. The *Times* evidently confuses with GLUCK's work, a comic opera of the same name by OFFENBACH.

The success of "Orpheus" has not been very great in New York, owing to its imperfect production. Mr. ANSCHUTZ has made the most of a small orchestra, but the vocalists are not able to do full justice to the grand music. Among the funny notices of the Opera, is the following from the *World*, which apparently possesses a critic who cannot endure any music that is written outside of New York, and who thinks all music obsolete which was written before he was born. We seldom find the same spirit of depreciation in literature, yet the man who would cull GLUCK's greatest Opera "a curious fossil," might as well ridicule MILTON as an old fogey.

"The music of 'Orpheus' may be superior in every respect, but in this degenerate age there are few persons among the public who would prefer it to the ornate compositions of the present period. Its attractive qualities are much like those of a curious fossil. The solemnity of the melodic themes introduced forbids applause, and suggests the idea that the fountain source of several village psalm books has been reached at last. People laugh at the eccentricities of an 'Old Folks Concert,' yet the spirit of the music which is usually offered at such entertainments is identical with that which pervades the scores of operas, sonatas, etc., of one hundred years ago. Why, then, it should be considered desirable to revive a work like 'Orpheus,' except in view of the opportunities afforded for scenic and ballet display, or as an antiquarian specimen, we cannot discover. In the present instance Millicent Vestvali earns whatever success it is in the power of the representation to convey."

Scribe.

We copied last week Mons. Feuille's eulogy of Scribe before the French Academy, as reported by "Spiridion" to the *Evening Gazette*. Here is a portion of M. Vitot's reply:

We must look at the essence of the man himself for the true cause of his success. Scribe possessed a powerful and really eminent faculty, which assured to him and which explains to me his supremacy on the theatre of his day. This was a gift of dramatic invention which, perhaps, nobody ever possessed to the degree he had it; the gift of discovering at every step, at every trifle, theatrical combinations of a new and striking effect, and of discovering them not merely in germ or rough sketched, but in relief, in action, and ready for the stage. While his literary brethren are preparing for one plot, in the same period of time he prepares more than four, and he attains this prodigious profliency at the expense of his originality. He does not cast his fictions in a common-place mould. If he has his secrets, his methods, he never uses them twice in the same way. There is not one of his works but has at least its spark of originality. But then his whole life was absorbed by weaving plots and knitting incidents and catastrophes. Night and day, travelling and at home, a-foot and in carriage, silent and talking, under the shadow of the Alpine glaciers and in the green-room of the Opera he did, he thought of nothing else. A mathematician brooding over some great problem, a commander-in-chief meditating over the plan of a

campaign, were never absorbed by more obstinate, more incessant mental labor. Such was the imperative necessity to him of inventing constantly and introducing everywhere dramatic fictions, that he introduced them even into his aims. He was for years seen to exhaust all the stratagems and all the ingenious fictions of use on the stage to persuade poor literary brethren that they were his partners, and that they lived upon the returns of their works, when in reality 'twas he who supported them. A predominant faculty excited in this way is almost a genius. This word is not too strong to be used here: Scribe had the genius of dramatic invention. But the great art of dramatic composition does not live alone on calculations, scenic effects, agreeable surprises, and unexpected solutions. Its work cannot be accomplished, its work cannot last unless there be flesh upon these muscles and color upon this flesh; in other words, style and character are necessary. I hasten to say that in these two particulars Scribe never had even the pretension to be equal to himself. Had his temperament allowed them, he would upon principle have refused them. I agree that he is less prompt, less bold in inventing characters than in creating situations; but even in these very particulars it is not his vein which abandons him. Take his characters—they are humorous, various, amusing. Life is abundant in them, although, perhaps, a little facetious. He communicates to them his sprightliness, his gaiety, his giddiness, his amiable malice. What then do these figures, or rather these portraits, lack? A little consistency and solidity. They seem colored crayon drawings. One feels that they will be effaced like a photograph likeness which begins to fade. There is not a copper-plate engraving among them; nothing is deep, everything is on the surface. Why? Because he knew that if he penetrated deeper, if he delineated his characters with stronger outline, he would be less certain to please everybody; he would create contradictions which he was especially desirous to shun. He thought it best to catch the new fashion, yesterday's epigram, to-day's *bon mot*, and the new manners as they rose. This ephemeral truth displeases nobody. By limiting himself to sketches on his canvas he aimed at assuring his success.

I make the same remarks upon Scribe's style: between his fingers the pen slips even more quickly than the pencil. His style is simple, natural, with nothing like turgidity and nothing like effort; but what absence of everything like asperity! It has not an angle, not a salient point, not the least effect of color! Was this, too, a calculation? Was he afraid of diverting the attention of the spectator from his principal object and of coming into competition with himself? Was it from coquetry for his scenic effects that he remained in this crepuscular light? I know not; but this mode of writing (which, I agree, will not be without danger for the permanent reputation of his works) did not militate against the extent of his success. His cosmopolitan fame most surely did not suffer by it. An unmarked style is almost a passport, especially to foreigners.—Had Molière written less admirably, had he been less an artist in our language, perhaps he would have been better understood beyond the Alps and the Rhine. Therefore I conceive how it is that Scribe never made any strenuous efforts to give greater individuality to his character and brighter colors to his style. He was too popular as he was. To win was to lose as far as he was concerned. But does it follow, as he has pretended, that he was by nature indifferent, nay, insensible, to these beauties of form and style from which he almost entirely abstained? I say that it is to ill-comprehend, it is but to half-see, that strange nature where all the contraries coexist, economy and munificence—enthusiasm and grovelling nature. While for his own works he neglected these sort of beauties, I assert that his heart felt, that he instinctively knew the most secret mysteries, the most hidden laws; and for proof I would refer only to his lyric dramas, that is, to the intelligent aid, to the adroit and impassioned assistance he lent to music, to that art which is in reality but a brother of the art of

writing—a more cadenced and more harmonious brother. The riches of color and style which by this alliance cover his ingenious web—I know he is not the author of them—are in part his work, so great is his share in inspiring them. Let me here make Scribe reparation. A long time ago, even before he wrote his operas comiques, I confess I greatly pitied the musicians who would one day have commerce with him. How could one think that this great conqueror, this king of the vaudeville, suddenly forgetting the cavalier manner in which he treated music every evening, would willingly consent to become its humble servant? I was convinced, I even wrote that when he changed his stage he would retain his habits; but when he set to work, when I saw that without abdicating, without yielding everything to his guest, he did the honors of the house, and not content with this defence, surrounded her with the tenderest attentions, suggested her ideas, prepared her happy contrasts, gave her ample developments, and especially when I saw him accepting with stoicism the tyrannical symmetry of musical phrases, bravely throwing his lines upon the bed of Procrustes and condemning his hemistiches to the most painful operations, I confess I was seized with singular esteem for this unexpected auxiliary. Such resignation of vanity, such devotion to the common cause, such love of art, carried to sacrifice, revealed to me unknown regions in him. So he did then understand something else than his *bon mots* and his songs! I saw him from this day in an absolutely new light, and the impression remains as fresh as ever. Consequently, I declare, while recognizing the incontestable merit of more important works, and while classing apart the charming pieces he wrote for the Gymnase Dramatique (which possess in their favor his youthful bloom and frank originality) the plays I place in the front rank of Scribe's vast works are his lyrical dramas. To justify this preference, perhaps, little in conformity with the laws of hierarchy, it would be necessary for me to point out how much imagination, suppleness, penetration, and true sentiment of art there are in these little master-pieces of art, which no one would have dared foresee even in a dream—a prolific union of two arts, which double their power by aiding each other with discipline, without contest and without jealousy.

Verdi's "Aroldo."

NEW YORK ACADEMY, MAY 4.

(From the Tribune.)

Last evening was unpropitious for the Muses, especially as they put on a spick-and-span new dress—new at least to this latitude—in the shape of an opera by the redoubtable Signor Verdi. We beg to mention, as a stage *aside*, that this opera is not new in Italy. Years back it was born and baptized under the name of *Stephen*, or something of that sonority. But *Stephen* was martyred. There was something in the plot worse than politics, namely religion, for the land in which it saw the light: there was Protestantism and Olympus knows what all in the story, and so *Stephen* was martyred and forbade the boards. But happily an opera has a dual life. It is words and music: and although the words were killed—they were but the letter, while the music was the spirit which gave the work life. So *Stephen* was re-hashed literature-wise. A new text was set to music. And the result is before us.

The plot has the merit of simplicity. Harold, a knight bedeviled by the preachings and screechings of Peter the Hermit, leaves, like an ass, a beautiful young wife to recover the holy sepulchre. The wife must love something, as Harold was away so long hanging at the heathen, and assisting, probably, in that memorable transaction, the capture of Jerusalem, when the victors put the Jews inside the wall to death—believing, in their ecstasy, that they were the Original Jacobs who were guilty of the crucifixion (so history reporteth of the blind zeal and fury of the invaders, who thus and there abolished time to the tune of twelve hundred years). The love of the wife of Harold for something was only a sort of flirtation after all, but it terribly distressed Harold on his sudden return, for he saw that Mrs. Harold behaved in a monstrous queer manner generally. Mrs. Harold, however, wishing to give over the flirtation, writes a letter to the gentleman, and puts the note in a well-bound volume for his "single eye." The course of

true love, however, runs rough, and this letter was picked out by Harold of the well-bound tome lying on a table, in a grand ball-room, where knights in real armor were doing everything but dance. Harold availed himself of the opportunity to denounce his wife in a most tempestuous manner before the whole crowd, who, previous to that time, had been elaborately gay, and singing like doves to the soft accompaniment of the brass tubes and kettle drums, and cymbals and great drum. The Harold lady, however, had a father, who interfered, and made the quarrel his own. The *pater-familias* did not allow the documents to be read, and so forth. Finally, Harold is about to kill the sentimental gentleman who admires his wife; but a Hermit, a man with a beard, bass-voice, and that truculent manner which belongs of right to stage-hermits (who were the Broadway squad in the rough, of the Middle Ages), interferes, and assures Harold that bloodshed is contrary to the canons of the church. Harold, being a good sort of a fellow, relents, spares the sentimentalist, and emigrates to Scotland. Notwithstanding that country was the dulllest place in Christendom at the time, Harold contrived to exist there, but only as a Hermit—in company with the other Hermits. Mrs. Harold being out on an emigrating tour herself, happened to be wrecked, one fine morning, upon the very coast where the Hermits were. One of the Hermits, finding that the sentimentalist had been killed by the irate father of the lady, and being assured that the whole affair amounted to nothing but a little pastime to while away dull hours during his Saracenic business, and feeling finally complimented thereby, rushed into the lady's arms. Not necessary to say that this Hermit was the junior member of the dry-bean and cold-water firm.

There is of course a terrible (musical) pother, leading, one would suppose, to no end of lyrical bloodshed; and there is bitter disappointment felt by the audience that blood did not stream down the stage, and overwhelm the prompter in the immensity of tragic wrath. But when authors forget their duty and make jolly conclusions, all the critic can do is to utter a caveat and submit.

The music, the main thing, now claims a word. Up to the time of the apparition of Bellini's *Il Pirata*, in or about the year 1828, Rossini's music, and that of a few imitators, ruled. The introduction of a new style, in which a large simple theory and practice of declamation—(and after all the talk about recent musical declamation, we find nothing superior or purer in its *genre* than the revelations of that now old work *Il Pirata*)—had an immense effect on the works of others. Donizetti, like a skillful general, changed *fioritura* tactics, and wrote his *Lucia*: and no composer could hope for mercy who did not accept the new light—that is the old one—the Gluck theory of declamation—adding thereto the higher ecstasy of modern, and the nineteenth century, melodies, and the increased sonority and prominence of the orchestra, with the fresh and improved instruments. In this opera of *Aroldo*, we find the new school—phrasing, climax, declamation—all adopted—but with the touch of genius of course—for without that, Signor Verdi could not have made his mark.

The first act—often the least impassioned one of dramas and operas, in this instance rules the night. It is the most surcharged with melody and interest. We may note the fine bits assigned to Signor Mazzoleni, whose terseness and resonance of delivery electrified the house. The finale of the second act, however, is one of the best pieces in the opera: it is splendidly worked up—has good counterpoints in running syllabled phrases, and a happy contrast to this in subsequent long-drawn notes.

The baritone's solo—a piece of sweet revenge in prospect—is a happy inspiration.

The prima donna is all grief—and in dulcet tones means to do poetical justice—but the plot is against her—and it is only in the fourth act that her happiness is achieved.

There was not as large an audience present as we expected—but there was a great deal of applause—and we beg to say quite as discriminating as it would have been in any European Opera House.

The cast of characters was as follows: Aroldo, a Saxon Knight, Signor Mazzoleni; Mina, his wife, Mlle. Orlolani Brignoli; Egberto, father of Mina; Godrin, a Knight Crusader, Herr Rubio; Enrico, cousin of Mina, Signor Reinhart; Rryan, a Hermit, Herr Muller; Ellena, cousin of Enrico, Mme. Ficher.

LISZT, with several other musicians, has founded an Academy in Rome for the "Revival of Classical Music, Sacred and Profane." They have already given five concerts, which were well attended.

Music Abroad.

BERLIN. The *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung* announces the death (which occurred April 27) of its editor, GUSTAV BOCK, the well-known music publisher (Bote & Bock). Herr Bock was one of the most active friends of music, particularly in the higher walks of art.—RICHARD WAGNER had arrived, intending to make a visit of some length.

The Royal Opera House, by last accounts, was still pursuing its eclectic policy, giving on one night Auber's *Domino Noir* (with Mlle. Artot, Herren Formes, Wowsky and Bost in the principal rôles), successfully for singers not entirely at home in the light French *opéra comique*; then Goanod's *Faust* and *Margaret*, still French, but of a more serious aim; then a couple of their own immortal classics: *Don Juan*, (with Fr. Maria Müller, from Hanover, as Donna Anna), and *Le Nozze di Figaro* (with Fr. De Ahna to succeed Mme. Köster as the Countess, Mlle. Lucca as Cherubino, and Frau Harriers-Wipern as Susanna); then another little French piece, Grisar's *Monsieur Pantalon*; with due admixture now and then of Verdi.

Out of the unceasing list of interesting concerts let the correspondent of the London *Musical World* (who of course is always present and hears all—else how could he write such long letters about it) select, as follows:

First and foremost, in point of time, comes the last Soirée for Chamber Music given by Herren Lange and Oertling in the Engliches Haus. It began with a Trio by Grädener. This composition was given, if we are to trust the bills—and when was anything in print not scrupulously exact?—at the wish of several persons not named. I cannot say that I particularly admire the taste of these unknown venerated of Herr Grädener's talent. The most salient features in the Trio consisted of reminiscences of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. When I wish to refresh my recollection of those great master productions, I prefer consulting them myself to meeting with their *disjuncta membra* in the trios of any "Grädener" that ever lived, does live, or will live in *secula seculorum*. The Trio was well played by Herren Lange, Oertling and Espenhahn. Herr Lange then performed three solo pieces of his own composition; and Herr Oertling the first movement—amply sufficient—of Herr Anton Rubinstein's Violin-concerto. Schumann's Pianoforte Quintet concluded the programme. In the course of the concert Mlle. E. Hantscheck sang several songs, including one by Schumann, one by Franz, and the cavatina from *Norma*.

Herr Ehrlich and Signor Sivi announced a Soirée for Chamber Music, but it could not take place, in consequence of Sig. Sivi being detained by serious indisposition in Dantzic. Herr Ehrlich consequently got up a concert the next day, in the rooms of the Sing-Akademie, when, with Herr de Ahna and Dr. Bruns, he played Schubert's Trio in B flat major, together with a number of small pianoforte solos ancient and modern. The concert was invested with a certain additional interest for some persons by the fact of its being the last at which Mlle. Artôt would make her appearance previously to her departure. She sang an air by Handel and the "Aragonaise" from *Le Domino Noir*, but even her greatest admirers were obliged to admit that the last fell flat. And so, farewell, Mlle. Artôt, until next season!

The programme of the eighth Sinfonie-Soirée of the Royal Chapel comprised "*Schottische Hochland-Ouverture*,"—Niels Gade; A major Symphony—Mendelssohn; Overture to *Coriolanus* and Pastoral Symphony—Beethoven. All these were played in first-rate style, though the palm for execution must certainly be awarded to the symphony by Mendelssohn. The next and ninth concert brought the series to a brilliant close. The pieces selected for the delectation of the audience were Cherubini's Overture to *Lodoiska*; Schumann's Symphony in B flat; the Overture to *Oberon*; and Beethoven's Symphony in C minor. The last two were executed in a manner that sets all attempts at criticism at defiance.

The fourth and last concert for the benefit of the Gustav-Adolph-Stiftung was got up by the members of the Sing-Akademie, in whose rooms it came off. Handel's *Alexander's Feast* was selected, and the result was eminently satisfactory. Greater effect might, it is true, have been got out of the solos, had

the latter been entrusted to experience, professional artists; but it is a rule that they shall always be sung by members of the Academie, and so, on the principle that a man must not look a gift-horse in the mouth, the public have no right to complain. They may, however, express their regret, I suppose, and, therefore, I, as one of them, now do so.

On the 26th of April, Herr Fritz Hartvigson, from Copenhagen, and a pupil of Herr Hans von Bülow, made his first bow to a Berlin audience, in Bechstein's rooms. By the way, I must mention the fact that all present obtained admission by special invitation. It is a bad thing for a young artist to begin his career before an "auditorium" filled with his own friends and those of his instructor. The programme comprised Liszt's Concerto in A, No. 2, and Fantasia on Hungarian National Melodies; "Giga con Variazioni" from Op. 91, by Raff; Herr von Bülow's "Mazurka Impromptu" (I wonder how many months were consumed by the composer in producing the said "Impromptu"?); "Au Lac de Wallenstedt," and "Tarentella," from Auber's *Muette*, by Liszt, and the "Galop de Concert," from "Le Bal," by Anton Rubinstein. Herr Hans von Bülow presided at a separate grand pianoforte and played the orchestral accompaniment to the first two pieces.

A second volume of MENDELSSOHN'S Letters is said to be forthcoming.

LEIPZIG. The first *Haupt-Prüfung*, or grand examination, of the Conservatory of Music took place on the 18th of April in the hall of the Gewandhaus. We translate from the report of it in the *Signale*:

"All the performances bore the stamp of carefulness and solidity; not one of the young men and women need to shun the light of publicity; and some among them rose far above the level of pupil performance. To name them in order:

"1. Concerto for piano, by Moscheles, played by Fräulein Emma Mayer, of Riga.—Right thoroughly studied and technically well executed; the delivery too was animated and showed much sense for musical expression.

"2. Concerto for violin, Spohr (No. 2, D minor), played by Georg Hänflin, of Breslau.—Great cleanliness and solidity; the youthful pupil will soon acquire the nerve yet wanting in his tone and delivery.

"3. Capriccio for piano, in B minor, Mendelssohn, played by Fr. Nanette Müller, of Lucerne.—Delivered with a very easy hand and in the liveliest tempo; a little more marrow wanting in the touch.

"4. Concerto for violin, F. David, played by Otto Peiniger, of Elberfeld.—An almost thoroughly successful performance.

"5. Concerto Fantastique, for piano, by Moscheles, played by Mr. CARLYLE PETERSILEA, of Boston, U. S.—Altogether excellent in technical respects, and with much definiteness and ripeness of expression. *The best piano performance of the evening.*

"6. Concerto for violin, Mendelssohn (2d and 3d movements), played by Otto Freiberg of Naumburg. Tone and technique betray good foundations and attentive study.

"7. Concerto for piano, Chopin (F minor, 2d and 3d movements), played by Miss Emily Matthews, of London.—Showed a respectable fund of execution, equal to her task; room for finer shading, &c.

"8. Hungarian Concerto, for violin, by Joachim (1st movement), played by Aug. Wilhelm, of Weisbaden.—Praised in the highest degree.

VIENNA. Mme. Mulder-Fabbri (who sang in New York and Boston with Stigelli) has distinguished herself in the rôle of Valentine in the *Inguenots*. Herr Walter was the Raoul. Next followed Meyerbeer again—*L'Etoile du Nord*, in which the part of Peter is said to have been marvellously sung by Herr Beck.—Adelina Patti is said to be already reengaged by Merelli for the months of February, March and April of next year.—No great success without its parody! says the *Gazette Musicale*. When Catalani was at the height of her career, they played in Vienna a piece called *La Fausse Catalani*; and now the Josephstadt theatre announces *La Fausse Patti*: the

principal part to be played by Herr Siebert, who, they say, imitates the singing of "the *diva* Adelina" to perfection.—The tenor Wachtel has been engaged at the Court Theatre at a salary of 18,000 florins per annum, with a *congé* of three months.

At the Court Theatre from the 4th to the 10th of May, the following operas were given: *Robert le Diable* (Mme. Fabbri as Alice), *Lohengrin*, "Lalla-Roukh" (by F. David, not relished by the Viennese apparently), *L'Etoile du Nord*, and *Les Huguenots*. Mme. Fabbri is to stay through the season.—Offenbach had arrived, to preside over the bringing out of a romantic opera, "The Daughter of the Rhine," which he has composed for Treumann's theatre.

The newly discovered Mass by Robert Schumann was executed in two churches on the same day, May 3.—Liszt was expected.—Merelli's Italian troupe next Spring is to include, besides Patti, Mlle. Trebelli and Signors Giuglini and Bettini.—Ferdinand Stegmayer, conductor of the Sing-akademie, died last month.

HANNOVER. Gluck's "Orpheus" was produced here for the first time on the 15th of April, at the suggestion of Herr Joachim, who conducted the performance. Fraülein Weis (said to be betrothed to Joachim) won the highest praise by her noble and artistic rendering of the part of Orpheus. Mme. Caggiati did equal justice to Eurydice; and Frl. Abrecht to that of Amor. Chorus and orchestra were excellent.

COLOGNE. On the 19th ult., a *matinée* was given, under the direction of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, in the Casino, for the Schadow Monument in Düsseldorf. After Chopin's "Funeral March," Herr Zademak, of the theatre here, recited a poem, by Dr. Wolfgang Müller, in memory of Schadow. The programme included, further, the Twenty-third Psalm, for female chorus, by Wold-Bargiel; Pianoforte Trio, op. 70, in D, by Beethoven (Herr Ferdinand Hiller, Von Königsloew and A. Schmidt); "Nachtlied" and "Volkslied," for female chorus, Herr Ferdinand Hiller; and J. S. Bach's Concerto for Three Grand Pianos, admirably executed by Mdlle. Mathilde Bruch, of the Conservatory here, Herren Hiller and Bargiel. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Zu Hohenzollern, with their family, and the Prince of Altenburg, were present.—On the 28th ult., the sixth and last *Soirée* for Chamber Music took place in the small room of the Gürzenich. The programme comprised Beethoven's Quartet in A major, op. 18, No. 5; Pianoforte Trio, op. 6, in F major, by W. Bargiel (the pianoforte part being played by the composer); and Mendelssohn's Quintet for stringed instruments, op. 87, in which Herren F. Weber and C. Venth performed. These *soirées* have been more numerous attended during the present season than they were last.

London.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The principal event of the last month was the production of the long promised new opera, *Nicola de' Lapi*, by Signor Schira, since Garcia the first master of singing in London, a sound musician, and not at all fond of Verdi. It appears to have been a success; and certainly it was brought out under the best conditions, since the parts were taken by some of the very best of the great singers: Mlles. Tietjens and Trebelli, Signors Giuglini and Bettini, M. Gassier and Mr. Santley. One critic says the new opera is a happy example of what is roughly designated by the phrase "good second-rate" composition. "It would be vain to pretend that the work is a masterpiece; but it is genuine music, and it is not dull." "No remarkable brilliancy of melody, nor originality of setting; but it is delightfully vocal, as might be expected from the chief of a great school of singing; it has the true glow and swing of the Italian manner; and there is a general air of freedom and lightness about the writing, which marks the hand of the practised musician." The *Musical World* says of it:

The success was doubly flattering to the composer, inasmuch as he had a somewhat cumbrously constructed story to illustrate by his music. The plot is taken from a well-known romance by the Marquis Massemo d'Azeglio, founded upon an incident in the history of the Florentine republic, at the time of Pope Clement VII.; and most of the characters are historical. The drama, although containing one or two powerful situations, does not hold the attention spell-bound. The entrance of Selvaggia in the first scene awakens an interest which is not sustained, and our sympathy, but for the music, would be but little excited in favor of Niccolò de' Lapi, the patriot, Laodomia, his gentle daughter, or Lamberto, the republican warrior, her betrothed. At the same time there are passages in the story of *Nicola de' Lapi* calculated, we can understand, to fascinate a composer who looks to particular scenes and incidents rather than to the general march of the "*peripatie*." Signor Schira's opera is that of a musician who has a thorough command of the resources of his art; his music is stamped with the martial vigor and republican spirit which breathes in the story; it has abundance of tune, and is everywhere dramatic and effective.

With the above exception, several weeks presented nothing new. *Lucrezia Borgia* and the *Trovatore* (with a new contralto, Mlle. Therise Ellinger); then Trebelli as Rosina in the *Barber*, and again as the gypsy Azucena. Then *Lucia*; then *La Figlia*, with Mlle. Artôt; and *Trovatore* again, with Alboni, and so on.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—The report reads much the same as last year; PATTI is still the word. On the 7th of May the little "*diva*" made her first appearance in the *Sonnambula*, "singing with even more brilliancy and expression than last year." Then she played Rosina in the *Barber*, with Mario and Ronconi. *William Tell* has been performed, with Tamberlik, Faure and Formes; and *La Traviata*, with Mlle. Fioretti, and a new baritone, Colonese, "with a remarkably good voice, of which he has yet to learn the use"; and *Tell* again, three times; and the *Barber* again; and *Don Giovanni*, with Patti for Zerlina; and *Martha*, with a new soprano, Mlle. Demi, Mario being Lionel; and *Masaniello*, and Patti again with her "inimitable" Zerlina. The sister Patti (Carlotta), too, is promised,—"two Patties," as PUNCH sings:

Your new Bill of Fare,
My dear Gre, I declare,
With embarrass de richesses you smother,
When at bottom and top
Of your bill down you pop
Two Patties, one after the other.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The grand performance of Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie*—to inaugurate the tenth season, on Friday the 1st inst.—realized all the success anticipated. The band and chorus were two thousand five hundred strong, and the solo parts were allotted to Mdlle. Parepa, Miss Martin and Madame Sainton-Dolby.

Of the execution it is impossible to speak too highly. The choir, indeed, surpassed all former efforts; and it does not require very acute ears to discover the extraordinary improvement in the soprano voices—we especially allude to members of the Sacred Harmonic Society, which supplied the major part of the "London Contingent" in the Handel Festival Choir. There was, perhaps, not the same thrilling effect produced as at Exeter Hall, where *Athalie* had been heard some weeks previously; but allowance must be made for the impossibility of some fourteen thousand persons scattered over an immense area hearing all to equal advantage.—*Musical World*.

MADAME JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT.—The concert was for the benefit of the Royal Hospital of Incurables at Putney, and the programme consisted of Handel's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, preceded by one of the same composer's concertos for string instruments. Madame Goldschmidt was assisted by Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Mount Smith, and Mr. Weiss; and Mr. Goldschmidt presided over the band and chorus, which consisted of some 250 performers; Mr. Lindsay Sloper was at the pianoforte, and Mr. E. J. Hopkins at the organ.

It is not our habit to criticize performances got up for charitable purposes. We may say, nevertheless, that Handel's Cantata was, to a large part of the au-

dience, a novelty, it having been rarely heard as a whole since Handel's time. *L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso* was last performed in 1813 under the direction of Sir George Smart. Some few years ago Mr. Hullah brought out the first part, but was not induced to repeat it. Even last week at St. James's Hall the cantata was not given precisely as Handel wrote it. The cantata was originally entitled *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso ed Il Moderato*; Charles Jennens, author of the books of the *Messiah* and *Belshazzar*, having added a third part to Milton's poem, which so pleased Handel that he set the three parts together. *Il Moderato*, after a few performances, was "shelved," and has never (happily) been revived.

The chief points of the performance were, we need hardly say, the airs allotted to Madame Lind, of which, "Come rather, goddess," "Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly" (flute *obligato*, Mr. Pratten), "Hide me from day's garish eye"—all allotted to *Penseroso*—most thrillingly exemplified her powers, and (especially the Bird song) were rapturously applauded. That the great singer had lost nothing of her art was apparent in all her efforts, and though, as far as regarded her physical means, Madame Lind is no longer the Jenny Lind of 1847, she still retains her supremacy as a vocalist. Madame Lemmens Sherrington sang the music of *Allegro* very charmingly. Miss Lascelles gave due effect to the contralto songs; and Mr. Motmen Smith and Mr. Weiss did ample justice to the tenor and bass music. The band and chorus under the able direction of Herr Otto Goldschmidt were in all respects excellent.—*Ibid*.

HERR PAUER'S HISTORICAL PIANOFORTE PERFORMANCES.—The third performance, on Monday, was devoted to composers of the German school—unless we may except Herr Anton Rubinstein, who is a Russian, and not much of a composer—the first period dating from 1680. Herr Pauer commenced with Kuhnau, whom he styles the "inventor of the sonata," and gave his sonata in B flat. This was followed by the "*Suite Seconde pour le Clavecin*," in A major, of Matthison—"the diplomatist, linguist, actor, singer, &c."—including "*Toccatone, Allemande, Courante, Aria, Gigue*." From Kuhnau to Sebastian Bach was a jump of about twenty years only. The sample of the works of the great composer of Eisenbach, Weimar and Leipzig was the "*Partita*," No. 1, in B flat, comprising *Preludium, Allemande, Courante, Sarabande, Minuets and Gigue*. Wilhelm Friedemann Bach, eldest son of Sebastian, supplied Polonaise (No. 2) in C minor, and *Fuga* (No. 6) in E minor. From the works of Johann Ludwig Krebs, a favorite pupil of Sebastian Bach, we had "*Prelude and Fugue in A minor*." Carl Philip Emanuel and John Christian, second and eleventh sons of Sebastian Bach, furnished—the former, Sonata in A minor (Op. 2, No. 1), the latter, Sonata in A major, (No. 5 Op. 17). The composers of the third period, ranging from 1790 to 1825, included August Eberhard Muller, from whose works was selected "*Caprice in C minor*," (Op. 39, No. 24); Johann Wenzel Tomaschek—the son of a poor linen-weaver—whose style was exemplified in "*Two Eclogues* (Op. 25); and Johann Hugo Worschick, represented by "*Two Rhapsodies*" (Op. 1, No. 6 and 8). Mendelssohn, Schulhoff and Rubinstein represented the "Fourth Period." From Mendelssohn was selected the "Seventeen Variations *Sérieuses*" (Op. 54); from Schulhoff, *Two Idylls*, "*Etoile du Soir*" (Op. 36, No. 1) and "*Dans les Bois*" (Op. 27, No. 2); and from Herr Rubinstein, "*Barcarolle*" (Op. 30) and Polonaise, "*Le Bal*" (No. 2, Op. 44). The performance was, perhaps, a greater treat to antiquaries and musical historians than to amateurs and connoisseurs of the pianoforte. Certain pieces, nevertheless, were highly interesting on their own account, especially when so strongly recommended by the vigorous playing of Herr Pauer.

THE BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The annual statement of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society for the past year shows that it now contains 793 members, and 158 professional subscribers. Five concerts have been given during the past season. The receipts from all sources were \$7,813 03; disbursements, \$7,440 03, leaving a balance of \$372 40 on hand.

MESSRS. CHICKERING & SONS have just completed No. 25,000 of their excellent pianos. We are happy to hear that never were their instruments in such demand. The only trouble is that orders come in faster than it is possible to execute them. Thousands must rejoice in this renewed prosperity of a house, a name, which has been so long a pride of Boston and the Union.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 13, 1863.

Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri."

SECOND ARTICLE.

We left the Peri on her first search for the gift most dear to Heaven. "Her pinions fanned the air of that sweet Indian land", whose earthly Paradise, rhapsodically described in the beautiful chorus (No. 5) with which we left off, already smells (not swells, as our types had it) of death, whose streams are red with blood. The key has changed; a few bars of dark and threatening tremolo lead into the thrillingly dramatic and heroic scenes, which with the great chorus (Nos. 6—9), conclude the first part of the Cantata.

6. A fiercely energetic chorus (D flat), opening with tenor voices, full of wild alarm, and hurried movement in the orchestra:

But crimson now her rivers run
With human blood.

Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy Pagods, shrines, and Idol stones,
Thy Monarchs and their thousand Thrones?

The voices are suspended momentarily, as if listening to the scouring blast of battle in a swift, wild gust of instrumental symphony, before they answer, while the same symphony is spending itself: "Tis He of Gazna! in his fierce wrath he comes." Tenors and basses then divide into two opposing choruses; the basses in unison, barbaric: "Long live Gazna!"; the tenors in harmony, ringing heroic: "The tyrant he shall die!" Then another bit of symphony, suggestive of the tumult and the very thick of battle, clash of swords and whirl of arrows, and (here the art is shown) the strange wild modulation of the mingled mass of sound, so near to nature, and yet musical, and just long enough.

7. Tenor solo, recitative-like, with flowing serious accompaniment, tells how the Peri

Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone, beside his native river—
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.

"Long live Gazna!" breaks out again in full chorus (tenors and basses), with the battle tumult for accompaniment; and Gazna (bass solo) bids the youth surrender, offering him his life. The splendid declamation of the few bars, in which the young hero hurls back his defiance, is unsurpassed in oratorio or opera. It needs a robust, high and ringing tenor. A half dozen bars of the instruments (the flight of an arrow, vainly aimed, a pause, quick startled chords) announce the result; which becomes at once the theme of the next number:

8. Chorus of lamentation; sopranos and altos in four parts alternate with tenors and basses divided in like manner; key F sharp minor:

—Woe! woe!
False flew the shaft, though pointed well,
The Tyrant lives, the Hero fell!

This is indeed a most beautiful and touching chorus. The exclamations "Woe! woe!" are given out in long tones, in thirds, first the sopranos, the altos joining while their sound is still protracted; then the basses, joined in like manner by the tenors. The higher instruments join with the long wail of the voices, while between them and prolonged tones of sub-bass a contrapuntal cello figure steadily traverses the space upward and downward, making the reluctant

harmonies to blend more readily (for these are only passing discords, or rather harshnesses; it is motion, intention, direction that explains them and resolves them, as in so much that otherwise might seem harsh in Bach's perfect contrapuntal weaving). But what have we to do with these technicalities? It is the expression of this chorus, that we would draw attention to:—who can hear it and still say that Schumann never "appeals" to the heart!

9. Finale to Part I. This is the great number of the work. A few bars of thoughtful prelude, and the Tenor in a tone encouraging and tender, almost melting into song, tells how the Peri saw the young hero offer up his life, and,

Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

A harp comes in with heavenly suggestion, and the Peri's heart leaps high, and her voice too, as she exclaims:

Peri and Chorus.

{ my }
Be this thy gift at the Gates of Light!
For blood like this,
For Liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the Bowers of Bliss!
Oh, if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!

Winged by the shining arpeggios, her clear soprano cleaves the sky; and while they swoop down to earth, her voice goes straight to the highest mark, they rushing after to rejoin it there. But this is only momentary foreshine of the real climax, which comes a few bars later, when she strike the high A again, flashing down in trumpet tones (silvery trumpets in thirds accompanying), on the words "for LIBERTY shed," which wakes the chorus to repeat the phrase in a broader and still brighter blaze of harmony. The Peri leads off in an exulting strain in very lively tempo: the chorus takes it up, and works it up (as musicians say) with wondrous wealth of harmony and counterpoint; faster and faster; an exciting, whirling, glorious on-sweep of mutually pursuing, richly mingling sounds; written in long notes, because each so full of weight and energetic accent, but swiftly executed; now climbing to a height of ecstasy and holding out the tone through many measures in the upper part, while the other parts pursue their restless impulse; now subsiding to more level, quiet harmony; while from time to time the ardent Peri's voice is still heard "singing and soaring", lark-like, at Heaven's gate, leading and marshalling the vast choir on and upward, and fanning the sacred flame of aspiration and of triumph. How she lengthens out the rapturous high tones just before the end! Like the skylark, she seems to float there in that upper air, (that "privacy of glorious light") poised upon even wings, which vibrate ecstatic music. Our Peri is after the spirit both of Shelley's and of Wordsworth's Skylark; for while she soars, she also thinks of earth; she is heavenly and yet human,

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.
In the golden lightning
Of the setting sun
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Then dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

At the same time her sympathies are with Man in this grand Liberty chorus, this apotheosis of patriotic martyrdom:

—Thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

We have ventured the opinion that this Finale of the First Part is the greatest piece in "Paradise and the Peri"; and in that view it seems almost a pity that it could not have formed the close and climax of the whole Cantata; but the closing piece, when we come to it, though less great in itself, will be found worthy of its place, a fit song of triumph crowning the successful search. This hymn of the holiness of "blood for Liberty shed" is surely in a right heroic, manly, wholesome vein; if there is more than enough of mystical and tender sentiment, of drowsy, dreamy Oriental luxury for Schumann's critics in other portions of the music, this certainly relieves them in strong contrast; for this, together with the whole series of pieces which we have just been endeavoring to describe, is altogether strong, dramatic and concise; and, properly performed, must thrill accordingly. It needs, to be sure, a large chorus, thoroughly drilled and animated, together with an orchestra, to make its relative importance fairly appreciable without study. With an amateur club of only twenty or thirty voices, and a piano-forte accompaniment, this was hardly the piece to make the greatest impression. Yet it did make a great one—and so timely too! It is a good piece, however, for a Finale to to-day's instalment of the too long task to which we find ourselves committed, and as we have got to stop somewhere short of the end, we will e'en stop here.

A New Libretto of Don Juan.

During the last eight years, various prominent members of the histrionic art, such as Franz Kugler, Alfred von Wolzogen, and Dr. Viol of Silesia, have sought to reproduce Da Ponte's version of Don Juan more in consonance with the original design, as rendered on the first representation, Oct. 29th, 1787. Finally, a new translation of the text has been offered to the Munich Theatre by Dr. Wendling; so this gem of musical art can henceforth be produced in a manner worthy of Mozart's genius. The original recitative has been retained, and the three arias subsequently added by Mozart: "In quai eccesi, o numi"; "Dalla sua pace"; "Deh fuggi," are placed in appropriate position. The equestrian statue will, according to the first edition of the text, be placed as a simple statue in a chapel-like mausoleum. The Finale to the opera will be purged of its too tangible hell; the fireworks, and red devils with flaxen hair and fiery jaws (which suited the taste of our forefathers), will be replaced by tongues of fire and clouds of gauze. Don Juan simply disappears.—This will be welcome news to the musical public, and we may reasonably expect to hear Mozart's immortal work given here in accordance with his original intention, and enjoy its manifold beauties uncurtailed.

WAGNER'S "TRISTAN."—The Imperial Opera in Vienna, after a half-year of rehearsals (57 in number) of Richard Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, has finally concluded to give up the idea of its performance, the part of Isolde being beyond the powers of endurance of the principal artists. The next attempt is now being made at Prague. Very characteristic and true is the assertion made by Robert Schumann to a prominent author in Vienna, concerning Wagner's operas, ten years since: "Wagner is

no good musician; he lacks the idea of form and euphony. But you should not judge him from the Piano score. Many scenes from his operas, as heard from the stage, will not fail to impress you deeply. If not the clear sunlight, that genius emits, there is yet some mysterious spell to enchain our senses. But, as was said, the music apart from the representation is deficient, often too much of the *diletante* order, again mediocre and repulsive; and it is alas! a proof of perverted musical taste, when, with all the numerous dramatic masterworks that Germany has to show, preference should be so often given to "music of the Future."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The venerable, and highly esteemed Dr. HODGES, for many years the distinguished organist of Trinity Church, New York, and director of the music of that parish, has within a short time resigned his position, and on Wednesday the 3d inst., he embarked in the steamship "Persia" for England.

For the past three years, Dr. Hodges has been compelled from feeble health to live in retirement, and relinquish all participation in the musical services of the church, and the position he once so much adorned, by his rare musical learning, skill and talent, as well as by his truly Christian character, has now passed into other hands; worthy we hope to fill that position in the church, which the talents and virtues of Dr. Hodges have in past years rendered so prominent and distinguished.

Inquiries having been made regarding the publication of certain portions of Dr. Hodges's compositions for the church, it may be well to state that the collection of psalm and hymn tunes, chants, Communion and Burial Services, as formerly used in Trinity Church, New York, including valuable additions by the Editor of the work, will be issued by Messrs. O. Ditson & Co., early in the ensuing autumn.

This collection of Church Music is earnestly recommended to the attention of all persons interested in the subject, and especially to those who desire a purer, and better style of music, than is usually found in our churches.

S. P. T.

ORGANS will probably become the leading musical subject hereabouts for the year to come, so much will the musical mind be turned in that direction by the opening of the Great Organ in the Boston Music Hall next Autumn. And this reminds us that we had designed ere this to call attention to a new Journal, of which we have seen several numbers, devoted chiefly to the discussion of questions relating to the duties and the art of Organists and Organ-builders. It is called *The Monthly Choir and Organ Journal*, published at 452 Broome St., New York, and is edited by Mr. JOHN ZUNDEL, the distinguished organist, who is highly qualified to diffuse wholesome light upon such subjects. We hope we are not heaping coals of fire on anybody's head!

By our reports of "Music Abroad" it will be seen that one of our Boston boys, the son of Mr. PETERSILEA, the well known music teacher, who went to Europe hardly a year ago to complete his musical studies at the Conservatorium, in Leipzig, has distinguished himself at the annual examination of that famous school. The standard there is high, and young Petersilea's piano playing is pronounced (by one of the critical journals) "the best of the evening," while all the rest are praised. This speaks well, not only for the pupil, but also for his only teacher, his father, from whose hands he so lately went to Leipzig.

It is said that Manager MARSHALL intends to give a series of grand PROMENADE CONCERTS at the Boston Theatre (Academy of Music) this Summer, under the conductorship of Mr. CARL ZERRAHN.

OUR CORRESPONDENCE from New York and Philadelphia must cease to be regular for the remainder of the Summer, for the reason that there is no music to speak of, and that correspondents are sensible enough to wish to rusticate a little. Would'nt we do so, if we could! We are sorry, however, not to have one more letter reviewing the Gluck's "Orpheus" experiment in New York. We are privately assured, though, by good judges, that the performance was a great failure, that the noble work was travestied, so that the common run of musical sensationists could not have been expected to find much in it, and therefore the less said the better.—But pray send at leisure, O thou of the musical signature, that *resumé raisonné* of the past musical season in New York, and then "over the hills and far away" to heart's content, so you come back again when Music comes!

BOSTON MUSIC HALL ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of this Association was held in Chieffer's Hall Wednesday at 3½ P.M., Dr. J. Baxter Upham in the chair. A more than ordinarily full attendance of stockholders was present. The report of the Treasurer, John Rogers, Esq., was read, showing the receipts for the past year to have been \$4983 92, and the expenses \$5973 60, being an excess of expenses over receipts of \$989 88.

This deficit, it was stated, was owing, in part, to the closing of the hall consequent upon the arrival of the great organ, and also to the absence during the past year, of all rents from fairs, which have heretofore added largely to the receipts. It was also stated, as an indisputable fact, that the number of concerts and musical entertainments of various kinds have decreased within the last few years.

The treasurer's report having been accepted and placed on file, the President being called upon gave a brief sketch of the Grand Organ enterprise from its first inception down to the present time—touching upon several interesting incidents and events in the history of its progress—and mentioning in detail some of its many points of surpassing beauty and excellence—showing the care and toil and patient study that has been bestowed during the last seven years upon this great work, on the part of all concerned, no pains nor expense being spared to make it what it is, the best, most perfect and comprehensive work of the kind in the world. It is indeed a marvel of art and skill, and will be prominent as a permanent object of attraction in our city.

It was stated that the setting up of the organ would be completed in October. Its cost will be fifty or sixty thousand dollars, and it is now some seven years since the work was first projected. It will be the combined result of the experience of all the noted builders of the world, and will amply repay the time and labor spent on it.

The Board of Directors for the ensuing year was chosen as follows:

J. B. Upham, R. E. Apthorp, E. D. Brigham, J. M. Fessenden, H. W. Pickering, Eben Dale, J. P. Putnam.

EMIL PRUDENT, the pianist, died recently in Paris.

The decease of the well known composer and arranger, Fred. Beyer, in Mainz, Germany, is announced.

Both are names dear to music publishers, both here and abroad, and very familiar to piano-forte teachers and pupils.

GRAU'S ITALIAN OPERA company are still performing, with fair success, in Western cities. Brignoli is with them.—Mme. ANNA BISHOP is making a concert tour of the New England States.

WAGNER IN ZURICH. The many admirers of the eminent composer of "Music of the Future," Richard Wagner, are rejoicing at his recent brilliant successes in Russia. Many of his finest operas were written while a resident of Zurich, and his wonderful creation of "Tannhäuser" was first brought out at our city theatre, under his own direction, he supervising

the minutest details of stage arrangements, and overlooking each separate article of dress, even to the stockings of the chorus, which he imperatively demanded should in no instance be other than silk.—His dwelling-house was situated upon a charming hill on the western bank of Lake Zurich, on the very spot formerly occupied by a little summer house, where Lavater used to repair every Saturday afternoon to prepare his sermon for the succeeding day. It commands one of the finest and broadest views in the vicinity, including a whole half circle of Alps on the south.

IN A NUTSHELL. The following paragraph, which we find in the *Chorister and Musical Adviser*, a monthly paper published in New York, contains the whole art and science of the psalm-tune manufacturer.—Ringing the changes upon given numbers would seem to be his idea of musical creation. His trade is lucrative, and by a simple mathematical computation he assures himself and us that his stock in trade will not soon be exhausted. Hear:

An English mathematician has made a computation of the number of tunes that can possibly be made from the notes of only one octave. He finds that from the major-scale alone, when used only in one key, 40,320 different tunes may be constructed, without any repetition. Of course the same number can be made from the minor-scale; so that in the natural key alone there can be 80,640 different tunes. Singing six of these each Sabbath in the year, it would take nearly two hundred and sixty years to sing them. Now when we consider that there are twelve major and twelve minor keys, and that the rhythmical combinations are still greater than those arising from the notes, we can see that we cannot begin to know the endless variety yet to come. Go on, then, tune-makers. There is room enough for you all to spread yourselves. Be original, don't imitate one another so much. You can't possibly use up all the ground before the war is over.

Could not some cute Yankee invent a machine to do it?

CAMBRIDGEPORT. Wallace's Opera "Lurline" was sung here by a society of amateurs, under the direction of Mr. Jos. B. SHARLAND, on Monday evening, June 1st. Miss ADDIE S. RYAN sang the part of Lurline in a manner which gave pleasure to every listener; we have never heard her when she appeared to better advantage. The other soloists were apt in their parts, and some of them made quite an impression. The chorus numbered over forty voices, prompt and efficient in every respect.—The proceeds were given for the relief of the families of deceased volunteers from Cambridge. Great praise is due Mr. Sharland and the society for the admirable manner in which this work was given. We only remember of its being given once before in this country, although it may have been. We refer to its performance under direction of Mr. Geo. W. Morgan in New York.

[If we mistake not, it was given during the past Spring at South Boston, by another club of amateurs.—Ed.]

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. The 128th Concert (London), on Monday night, passed off in a wonderfully cheerful manner. All the instrumental pieces were by Mendelssohn. The departure of M. Vieuxtemps, the absence of Herr Joachim, and the impracticability (not his own fault) of M. Sainton, made the duetion of a first fiddle one of some difficulty. Mr. Arthur Chapell, however (as is his wont), speedily solved it; and the hitherto unknown name of Herr Japha was announced. That Herr Japha is a practised artist, was soon made apparent in the quartet, Op. 12 (E flat), with which the concert opened brilliantly. The quaint *canzonetta* (G minor), which occupies the place of *scherzo*, was unanimously encoored, and the new violinist's position thus at once established. The other players in the quartet were MM. L. Ries, H. Webb and Piatti. Her Japha subsequently joined M. Hallé and Signor Piatti in the second trio (C minor), with which the concert ended as brilliantly as it had begun, and M. Hallé (in excellent play) selected the well known *Andante* and *Rondo capriccioso* (E minor) for solo, and being encoored, substituted two of the *Lieder ohne Worte*; he also joined Signor Piatti in the charming *Tema con variazioni* (D), which has on several occasions delighted the patrons of those concerts, but never more completely so than now.

"FASHIONABLE"—yes, that's the word. In musical criticism it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to adapt one's style to one's subject; but here is an instance, taken from the New York *Sunday Times*, where happily the right vein is hit, and the prominent characteristics of a phenomenon are seized and held up in their true light. To be sure, it wanders a little from the main point in the second paragraph, talking about a charm that is "artistic," "spirituelle," and all that, but it returns to the keynote and ends in it, as a true composition should.

The Gottschalk concerts are very fashionable, there is no doubt of that. They are put down in the list with opera, with shopping, with dropping in at Mrs. B's reception, and other things that must be done, and bring out more of the stylish girls, who are the adoration of the clerks of the establishment they patronize, than any other public entertainment that New York city can boast. Not that the young ladies are "all in love with Gottschalk," as vulgar newspaper writers sometimes say; on the contrary, they are not at all in love with him, or, at any rate, not in the sort of way that need cause the slightest uneasiness to father, mother, or even accepted lover.

The charm which attaches to the great pianist is artistic, the interest he inspires, tender, but *spirituelle*, not at all of the hearty, material kind which healthy girls take in the gentlemen of whom they intend to make lovers and husbands. Gottschalk, in public, has the air of being either indifferent or absorbed—indifferent to others, absorbed, perhaps, in his art or in himself, and this does not suit our haughty belles, who require homage in return for their devotion.

Nevertheless, the Gottschalk concerts are fashionable; they are patronized by nearly all married ladies of distinction and recognized position, and, as a matter of course, by the light brigade, in buff and lavender kids, who are always found fluttering in the vicinity of persons who give large entertainments and have handsome daughters.

The proper dress, on these occasions, is remarkably elegant and tasteful. It is not so gay, or so nearly like evening full-dress toilette, as that allowed for the opera, it being considered in good taste to dress in such a way as to distract attention from the artist and from the performances. But the most charming bonnets of white *crêpe*, or puffed *tulle*, are worn, lightly trimmed and slightly depressed on the top, accompanied by small velvet basquines, or scarfs, lined with white taffetas, with dress of the pale drab, grey, or lilac silk, ornamented with full narrow ruffles of the same material &c., &c.

This, then, it seems, is what is meant by an artistic success!

PITY PATTI. A New York weekly tells a story, which is going the round of the newspapers, in its own pretty style, as follows:

Yes, pity Patti—the charming Adelina, we mean,—for if her own story is correct, she is very much to be pitied. According to the Paris correspondent of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, she has been crossed in love and fearfully depleted in pocket. The pecuniary loss she doesn't mind, but the heart affair cuts deeper. It seems she has addressed a letter to the press, over the water, in which she intimates that the Pater Patti, her sire, and her brother-in-law, M. Strakosch, have used her vilely—in fact, choused her out of one hundred thousand dollars and a husband. All her earnings, it appears, have passed into their hands—and remained there. Not a fig does pretty Patti care for the money. She can make more, by discounting the notes of which her dainty throat is full. But to be prevented from getting married is a more serious affair. She was wooed and won, we are told, by a rich and honorable Spanish don. He implored Patti's pity and Patti pitied him. She asked her papa about it, and he replied that if the don's paternal derivative said "ay," he said ditto. The senior don did say "ay," and there seemed to be no "just cause or impediment," &c., &c. But at this point the elder Patti turned ogreish, forbade the bans, and refused to let the sweet songbird bill and coo with her intended mate. Then forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and she told her sad story to the public through the newspapers. And won't the public sympathize with its favorite? Rather! Miss Patti lacks some six months or so of twenty-one, and she wishes to be taken in charge by the English Court of Chancery until she obtains her majority. If the said Court of Chancery has a spark of gallantry about it, it will comply with her request.

TERRESA CARENO was to leave Havana on her return to New York, on the 30th June. She has won a most splendid success there, receiving, besides other flattering testimonials, under her sweet pet name of "Teresita," membership in the Havana Lyceum, which many able artists have striven after in vain for half a lifetime.

SCHUMANN-OPTOBIA still rages in England. The critic of the *Athenæum*, in a recent number, utters himself in this wise about the composer of the "Peri" and the "Manfred" music, the noble symphonies, &c.

We cannot, for the sake of a few songs (which make a sort of oasis, overvalued by reason of the barrenness of the desert which they diversify), and a few juvenile pieces for the pianoforte, disdained by their writer as obvious and trivial, consent to "enter on the list" of great composers a man so deficient in melody, so licentious to impurity in harmony, so imperfect in technical skill, and so frequently false in expression, as Schumann. It is a treason to beauty, to truth, to knowledge, to represent him (as Germany is now disposed to do) in the light of Beethoven's continuer—as the man in the depths of whose poetic genius the shallow and correct works of Mendelssohn are being rapidly swept out of sight to their right level, as so many mediocrities.

This dreary platitude—this utter want of freshness if not feeling—have, nevertheless, a great advantage for the person who can induce his audience to consider him as profound. The public comes to prize the plainest of chords, the most obvious of contrivances, the most paltry bar of stale melody, by contrast, as so many revelations.

PHILADELPHIA.—The sixth and last classical soirée of Mr. CARL WOLFSOHN took place May 28, with the following programme, which certainly is out of the beaten track, though all the names are classical:

Part I. Sonata (C major, op. 24). C. M. Von Weber. Played by Mr. Wolfsohn.

Part II. 1. *Fantasie-Stücke* (for Clarinet and Piano). Schumann. Messrs. Stoll and Wolfsohn.

2. Sonata in F major (Horn and Piano). Beethoven. Messrs. Birgfeld and Wolfsohn.

Part III. Sestetto (Piano and wind instruments). Onslow. Messrs. Koch, Stoll, Birgfeld, Müller and Wolfsohn.

The musical season proper is winding up with one or two remaining Public Rehearsals of the Germania Orchestra. This was the last programme:

1—Overture; Fra Diavolo.....Auber
2—Serenade.....Schubert
3—Waltz: The Troubadours.....Lanner
4—Andante of Jupiter Symphony.....Mozart
5—Overture; Freischütz (by request).....Weber
6—Cavatina.....Meyerbeer
7—First Finale: Martha.....Flotow

During the summer months the "city of brotherly love," when it wants musical refreshment, will betake itself occasionally to Fairmount park, where Bandmaster Birgfeld, having made up a large subscription for the purpose, will give a number of open air concerts.

The Lutheran and Missionary says:

We claim that at the present time, Philadelphia is not unmusical. But one thing is very certain, that its taste is better developed in every other department of the art than in Church music. The popular funeral march for a military band is Chopin's. Very good so far. At the Saturday afternoon popular Rehearsals, where the programme is miscellaneous, selections from Beethoven or Mozart are uniformly insisted upon. Still very good. Beethoven's *Fidelio* packed the Academy,—the fullest and most enthusiastic audience known for many years. Also very good. But in church, at least in the Protestant churches, woe be to the man who hopes to find much music appropriate to the place. Snatches of operas, incoherent fantasias, finger exercises, startling combinations of the stops, see-saw on the swell pedal, these things are actually popular in many of the first churches. The idea of a style of music peculiar to the place, different from other music, is generally ignored. Such churchly playing as that of Mr. Zundel of Brooklyn, or Mr. Paine of Boston, would be generally insufferable.

MR. C. JEROME HOPKINS lately gave a "piano forte and vocal concert in aid of a fund for supporting a Brooklyn Free Chorister School," and has issued a brief treatise addressed to the intelligent citizens of Brooklyn entitled "Free Musical Instruction for the Poor." At the concert Mrs. Jenny Kempton, Mr. Reis, Mr. Braunlich, Mr. Rutiger and Mr. E. Mollenhauer assisted. The programme was "eminently Hopkinsonian."

Special Notices.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Logger's Song. Song and Chorus. S. Clarke. 25

A spirited piece, interesting to all who love a forest life.

Early Flowers. Chorus (3 female voices) and solo. J. Concone. 35

The Procession. Chorus and solo (3 female voices). J. Concone. 35

Two excellent trios, by the celebrated composer and teacher. Send for them immediately, all teachers in female seminaries, for they are just what you need.

Kiss me once more, Mother; or, The Shadowless Shore. Ballad. Words and music by H. S. Thompson. 30

Another sweet ballad, by the author of "Lilly Dale" and "Anna Lisie." Simple, and full of Melody.

He who bears the prison keys. From the "Armourer of Nantes." Balfe. 25

A serio-comic song, by Pascal the Jailer, introducing, as a strange feature, the jingling of the prison keys: "Jingle, jangle, clank, clank, clank!"

Not till Time his glass shall shiver. From the "Armourer of Nantes." Balfe. 25

The songs of this new opera seem to have a more easy flow of melody than those in the Bohemian Girl, and will, perhaps, be considered improvements on those.

Morn is the time for me. E. L. Hime. 25

Peggy Dean. From "Patchwork." H. Paul. 25

Instrumental Music.

Victoire! Galop Militaire. J. Ascher. 50

In these days of battles, and, we hope, of victories, this style of music is appropriate. Bold, spirited and well put together. A fine show piece for seminary exhibitions. Of medium difficulty.

Ah! Che a voi perdoni. Quartett and Finale from "Martha." Operatic tit-bit. C. Grobe. 40

To write the name of Grobe, describes his pieces; well adapted for instruction; easy to the hands.

Cavalry Quick Step. Dedicated to Gen. Stoneman. S. Glover. 35

Easy and pretty.

Children's Toys. Twelve easy, melodious and instructive pieces for piano. A. Baumbach. Each, 15

Twelve little pieces for beginners. Good pieces for young learners are not yet numerous. It is a favor to teachers that so musical and tasteful a composer as Mr. B. should turn his attention to writing this kind of music. Two pieces are out this week, namely:

No 1. Harmonica.
No 2. Jew's Harp.

Books.

WINNER'S PERFECT GUIDES FOR THE FIFE, FLAGEOLET, FLUTE, GUITAR, ACCORDEON AND VIOLIN. Each, 50

One would think, from the general appearance of keyed instruments in houses, and the preponderance of music for them in stores, that no one played anything now-a-days, but pianos and melodeons. But there are multitudes who practise upon the smaller instruments. For such, Winner's guides are very extensively used, and are thought to be among the best of cheap instruction books.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

